LORDE

PURE HEROINE

TENNIS COURT

Don't you think that it's boring, how people talk?
Making smart with their words again, well I'm bored
because I'm doing this for the thrill of it,
killing it,
never not chasing a million things I want
And I am only as young as the minute is,
full of it,
getting pumped up on the little bright things I bought
But I know they'll never own me

Baby, be the class clown
I'll be the beauty queen in tears –
it's a new art form, showing people how little we care (yeah)
We're so happy
even when we're smiling out of fear
Let's go down to the tennis court
and talk it up like (yeah)

Pretty soon I'll be getting on my first plane
I'll see the veins of my city
like they do in space
but my head's filling up fast with the wicked games,
up in flames;
how can I fuck with the fun again when I'm known?
And my boys trip me up with their heads again,
loving them,
everything's cool when we're all in line for the throne
But I know it's not forever (yeah)

~

It looked all right in the pictures
Getting caught's half of the trip though, isn't it?
I'll fall apart with all my heart
and you could watch from your window

400 LUX

We're never done with killing time
Can I kill it with you
'til the veins run red and blue?
We come around here all the time
Got a lot to not do
Lemme kill it with you

You pick me up and take me home again
Head out the window again
We're hollow like the bottles that we drain
You drape your wrists over the steering wheel
Pulses can drive from here
We might be hollow but we're brave

And I like you
I love these roads where the houses don't change
Where we can talk like there's something to say
I'm glad that we stopped kissing
the tar on the highway
We move in the tree streets
I'd like it if you stayed

Now we're wearing long sleeves and the heating comes on
You buy me orange juice; we're getting good at this
Dreams of clean teeth
I can tell that you're tired
but you keep the car on
while you're waiting out front

ROYALS

I've never seen a diamond in the flesh
I cut my teeth on wedding rings in the movies
and I'm not proud of my address
in a torn up town no postcode envy

But every song's like
Gold teeth, Grey Goose, tripping in the bathroom,
bloodstains, ball gowns, trashing the hotel room
We don't care
We're driving Cadillacs in our dreams
But everybody's like
Cristal, Maybach, diamonds on your timepiece
Jet planes, islands, tiger's on a gold leash
We don't care
We aren't caught up in your love affair

And we'll never be royals
It don't run in our blood
That kind of luxe just ain't for us
We crave a different kind of buzz
Let me be your ruler
You can call me queen bee and baby I'll rule –
let me live that fantasy

My friends and I, we've cracked the code
We count our dollars on the train to the party
and everyone who knows us knows
we're fine with this –
we didn't come from money

~

We're bigger than we ever dreamed
and I'm in love with being queen
Life is great without a care
We aren't caught up in your love affair

RIBS

The drink you spilt all over me
'Lover's Spit' left on repeat
My mum and dad let me stay home
It drives you crazy, getting old

We can talk it so good
We can make it so divine
We can talk it good,
how you wish it would be all the time

~

This dream isn't feeling sweet
We're reeling through the moonlit streets
and I've never felt more alone
It feels so scary, getting old

We can talk it so good
We can make it so divine
We can talk it good,
how you wish it would be all the time

~

I want 'em back (I want 'em back)
The minds we had (the minds we had)
How all the thoughts (how all the thoughts)
Moved round our heads (moved round our heads)
I want 'em back (I want 'em back)
The minds we had (the minds we had)
It's not enough to feel the lack
I want 'em back
I want 'em back
I want 'em

You're the only friend I need
Sharing beds like little kids
and laughing 'til our ribs get tough
but that will never be enough

BUZZCUT SEASON

I remember when your head caught flame
It kissed your scalp and caressed your brain
Well you laughed
baby it's okay –
it's buzzcut season anyway

Explosions on TV
and all the girls with heads inside a dream
so now we live beside the pool
where everything is good

We ride the bus with the knees pulled in
People should see how we're living
Shut my eyes
to the song that plays
Sometimes this has a hot sweet taste

The men up on the news,
they try to tell us all
that we
will lose
but it's so easy
in this blue
where everything is good

and I'll never go home again
(place the call, feel it start) favourite friend
and nothing's wrong when nothing's true –
I live in a hologram with you
We're all the things that we do for fun
(and I'll breathe, and it goes) play along
make believe it's hyper real –
but I live in a hologram with you

Cola with the burnt out taste
I'm the one you tell your fears to
There'll never be enough of us

TEAM

Wait til you're announced –
we've not yet lost all our graces
The hounds will stay in chains
Look upon your greatness and she'll send the call out

Call all the ladies out
They're in their finery
A hundred jewels on throats
A hundred jewels between teeth
Now bring my boys in
Their skin in craters like the moon
The moon we love like a brother
while he glows through the room

Dancing around the lies we tell
Dancing around big eyes as well
Even the comatose, they don't dance and tell

We live in cities you'll never see onscreen
Not very pretty but we sure know how to run things
Living in ruins of a palace within my dreams
and you know
we're on each other's team

I'm kind of over getting told to throw my hands up in the air
So there

So all the cups got broke
Shards beneath our feet
but it wasn't my fault
And everyone's competing
for a love they won't receive
'cause what this palace wants
is release

I'm kind of over getting told to throw my hands up in the air
So there
I'm kind of older than I was when I reveled without a care
So there

GLORY AND GORE

There's a humming in the restless summer air
and we're slipping off the course that we prepared
but in all chaos there is calculation –
dropping glasses just to hear them break

You've been drinking
like the world was gonna end (it didn't)
took a shiner from the fist of your best friend (go figure)
it's clear that someone's gotta go –
we mean it but I promise we're not mean

and the cry goes out –
they lose their minds for us and how it plays out
Now we're in the ring
and we're coming for blood

You could try and take us but we're the gladiators
Everyone a rager but secretly they're saviours
Glory and gore go hand in hand
That's why we're making headlines
You could try and take us but victory's contagious

Delicate in every way but one (the swordplay)
God knows we like archaic kinds of fun (the old ways)
Chance is the only game I play with, baby –
we let our battles choose us

~

No-one round here's good at keeping their eyes closed
The sun's starting to light up when we're walking home
Tired little laughs, gold-lie promises:
we'll always win at this
I don't ever think about death
It's alright if you do, it's fine
We gladiate but I guess we're really fighting ourselves
Roughing up our minds so we're ready when the killtime comes
Wide awake in bed, words in my brain:
secretly you love this do you even wanna go free?
Let me in the ring I'll show you what that big word means

STILL SANE

Today is my birthday and I'm riding high
Hair is dripping, hiding that I'm terrified
But this is summer,
playing dumber than in fall
Everything I say falls right back into everything I'm not
in the swing of things
but what I really mean is
not in the swing of things yet

Riding around on the bikes, we're still sane
I won't be her, tripping over onstage
Hey, it's all cool
I still like hotels but I think that'll change
Still like hotels and my newfound fame
Hey, promise I can stay good

Everything feels right
Chase paper, get by
I'm little but I'm coming for the crown
I'm little but I'm coming for you
I'm little but I'm coming for the title held by everyone who's up

All work and no play never made me lose it
All business all day keeps me up a level
All work and no play keeps me on the new shit
yeah
All work and no play, lemme count the bruises
all business all day Keeps me up a level
All work and no play, lonely on that new shit
yeah

Only bad people live to see their likeness in stone
What does that make me

WHITE TEETH TEENS

We wouldn't be seen dead here in the day
I guess you're lucky that it's dark now
and if I like it then we'll stay –
impress the empress; take a shot now

We got the glow in our mouths
White teeth teens are out
White teeth teens are up for it
I know you love it when the hairpins start to drop
I like your reckoning
but we got our methods and there's nothing here to stop
to stop this

If you want we'll help tonight to split its seams
Give the bruises out like gifts
You'll get the picture of your dreams
I won't be smiling but the notes
from my admirers
fill my dashboard
just the same
a-hahaha

~

And everything works out so good –
I wear the robe like no-one could

I'll let you in on something big:
I am not a white teeth teen
I tried to join but never did
the way they are, the way they seem
is something else, it's in the blood
their molars blinking like the lights
in the underpass where we all sit
and do nothing,
and love it

And everything works out so good –
I wear the robe like no-one could

A WORLD ALONE

That slow burn wait while it gets dark
Bruising the sun
I feel grown up with you in your car
I know it's dumb

We've both got a million bad habits to kick – not sleeping is one
We're biting our nails; you're biting my lip
I'm biting my tongue

People are talking, people are talking

Raise a glass 'cause I'm not done saying it
They all wanna get rough, get away with it –
let 'em talk cause we're dancing in this world alone
World alone, we're alone

All my fake friends and all of their noise
complain about work –
they're studying business, I study the floor
and you haven't stopped smoking all night
Maybe the Internet raised us
or maybe people are jerks
But not you

Raise a glass 'cause I'm not done saying it
They all wanna get rough, get away with it –
let 'em talk cause we're dancing in this world alone
World alone, we're alone
All the double-edged people and schemes
They make a mess, then go home and get clean
You're my best friend and we're dancing in a world alone
World alone, we're all alone

I know we're not everlasting
We're a train wreck waiting to happen
One day the blood won't flow so gladly
One day we'll all get still
Get still.

Pure Heroine
Written by Ella Yelich O'Connor / Joel Little
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I'm sitting in row sixty-six of an aeroplane, thinking in that kind of breathless way that comes from having so many people in a small space. Everyone around me is asleep, or will be soon, but I've said before how hard it is for me to sleep when something like this is happening, so I'm writing this thing instead.

There are a few people who helped me in the making of this record. My mum and dad, Sonja and Vic, and siblings Jerry, India and Angelo should come first for putting up with me coming home and falling into bed without a word for four months, and keeping things very much real and in perspective; that and my parents' cooking and overflowing love.

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But most of all, this note is for Joel Little, without whom Pure Heroine would be a bunch of hazy Garage Band files and word documents on my laptop. Thank you for being kind, sensitive and gentle when I needed it, and telling me I could do better when I needed it. A thousand shared dinners and lunches and jokes and late nights in the studio when things felt like falling apart and stories and shitty YouTube videos later, and I'm still searching for the most powerful computer money can buy (just kidding).

This record is about waiting for things, and boredom, and over analysis, and angst, and all that. But it's also about bravery, about confidence, hatred and love. I poured my brain and heart into thjs, and maybe I'll hate it in two years, because that's the nature of being my age, but for now, it's the most powerful thing I can give. I'm so honoured by your love for me, and what I do, and I can promise you – this is going to be fun.

With endless, endless love from Lorde

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